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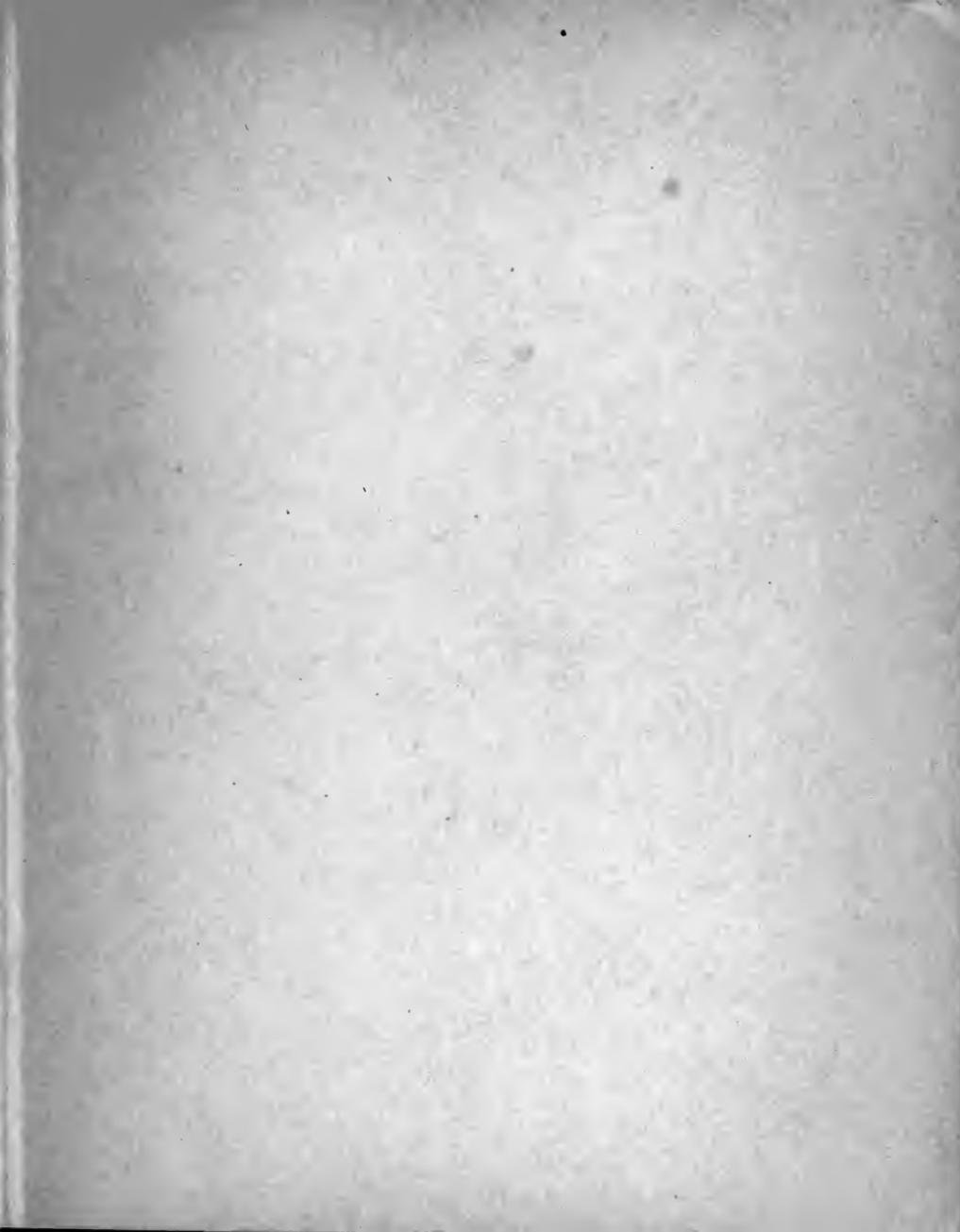


Class _____

Book _____

Mrs. Jane W. Garvie







JANE WHITE GARVIE

BORN SEPTEMBER 6, 1850, CHILHAM, KENT, ENGLAND

DIED FEBRUARY 21, 1905, NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

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(New Haven Journal and Courier, February 22, 1905.)

MRS. JANE W. GARVIE.

Yesterday morning, after a lingering illness which baffled the best medical skill and the most faithful nursing, Mrs. Jane W. Garvie of this city passed peacefully into rest, death coming after a heroic struggle for life, and after weeks of suffering borne with Christian resignation and patience.

Mrs. Garvie was born in Kent, England, September 6, 1850. Her husband, Mr. George L. Garvie, a Scotchman, to whom she was married in Canterbury, England, in 1870, died in this city in 1888. Mrs. Garvie was confirmed in the established Church of England in early girlhood, later in life uniting with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and she was at the time of her death a most devotedly consistent member of the Epworth M. E. Church in this city.

She was an English woman of exceptional beauty and strength of character, the boon companion of her children and the life and charm of the home circle.

A married son and three daughters survive her. The funeral will take place Friday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, from her late home, 65 Foster street, Rev. William Giffin, pastor of the Epworth M. E. Church, officiating.

(New Haven Journal and Courier, February 25, 1905.)

FUNERAL SERVICES OF MRS. JANE W. GARVIE.

Impressive funeral services in memory of Mrs. Jane W. Garvie were held at her late residence, 65 Foster street, yesterday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, Rev. William Giffin, pastor of Epworth M. E. Church, officiating. He spoke very feelingly of the rare qualities of her mind and heart, her loyalty to the church, the simplicity of her Christian faith, her devotion to her family and her beautiful ministries among the distressed and in the domestic circle.

The bearers were Adam Sattig, Frederick Bostwick, William W. Paulin, Charles B. Van Dine, J. Charles Taylor and Judge Livingston W. Cleaveland.

The interment was in the family lot in Evergreen Cemetery, where, beneath a bank of flowers and in a bed of green, she was laid to rest.

REMARKS OF REV. WILLIAM GIFFIN.

Christian Friends:—At this hour it is not for me to address you with the studied rhetoric of the professional mourner, nor could I hope to reach those depths of genuine tribute of a son or relative, but I desire to speak of Jane W. Garvie as I knew her—her minister.

I looked upon her as a delight to her God; one of His handmaidens who kept His altar fires burning. For she was devoted to the Christian Church. I have listened to her tell how as a mere girl with her companions she would walk miles to attend divine service. I can see her now as she arises in the prayer-meeting to testify for her Master, with an unobtrusive modesty that spoke strongly for the meek and lowly Christ. During last fall, realizing that her vitality was waning under an insidious and finally fatal malady, she asked me to beseech the Heavenly Father to give her strength to go to the “House of Prayer.” I firmly believe that deep down in the center of her soul, Jane W. Garvie was dedicated to the sanctuary of her Saviour.

She was a type of Christian, alas! too few in restless and independent days, who welcomed gladly the pealing of the Sabbath chimes, for they said, “Let us go into the House of the Lord.” I see in her the spirit of the psalmist in his cherished aspiration, “One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that

I may dwell in the House of the Lord all the days of my life to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in His temple."

To this conscientious Christian woman the second of Christ's great commands was of equal authority with the first. "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." In the struggle of life, occupied with sufficient duties to engross her entire attention, she found time to remember her "kind," her neighbor. I recall how, after speaking during a service of a destitute home in our community, she came to me and offered substantial assistance for their relief. One morning I stopped at this house on my return from the bedside of a great sufferer. Pain with its hideous features had thrust its distorted form into my face. With all my mind astir with sickening questions, I think I wanted human sympathy. I came here. We talked of life, death and Jesus, until our hearts glowed with the warmth of Christian faith. Need I tell you that she was soon at that bedside of affliction?—a sunbeam in the night of sorrow.

Could I speak with adequate justice of what she has been in that retired and sheltered place called the home? Here courage utters its strengthening call, here sympathy flows in reviving streams, here patience reveals its tempered heart and here hope and sacrificing love tell the story of a Saviour's life. Those who have known Jane Garvie longest, give her un-

stinted praise for her self-effacing labors for the idols of her heart—her children. And amid the sorrow of an irreparable loss, and the seemingly starless gloom of a coffin-invaded home, her loved ones certainly hear the chant of a consoling choir whose members are her beauteous deeds for their daily happiness.

God with sealed purpose has closed her record here and opened it in another clime, a fairer, where the snows never chill nor sickness enters with threatening sickle, nor love returns upon itself unanswered, unloved. To me her Master is speaking in tones of enlightening tenderness :

“Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me.”

“In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.”

“And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.”

Jesus has come to this home and the heavenly mansion has a new occupant.

PRAYER.

Almighty God, we do not sorrow as those who have no hope. Not as the skeptic do we stand at the coffin with hardening sentiments of unbelief, nor as the agnostic stare at the prostrate form, our minds torn with bewildering questions, but as the Christian with the heart pained at human loss, the eye suffused with affectionate tears, we would resign our finite wills to Thy supreme and righteous purposes for a mother, a co-worker, a friend.

And with the light of faith and revelation, we place her in thine arms, O Jesus. Resting in thy caress, may her heart that knew its share of wearing woe be healed by thy gracious touch. Sweet, gentle soul!

"Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed.
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast."

Would we have thee back? earth's hardships rise before us; would we have thee back? life's strife rebukes our wish; would we have thee back? then death, slow, long delayed, mysterious, paralyzes our desire. We think with all thy love for thy loved ones, the happy harmonies of the spirit would hold thee with the soft charm of mastering joy.

We do not sorrow for thee as those who have no hope, for we have Christ, and Christ has thee.

Infinite Father, what a blessed memory Thou hast granted us through the life of this Thy servant!

So full of grace, simplicity of godly service, saintly quietness of honest purpose, Christ-like in tender sympathy. A disciple of mercy with the forgiving spirit of Christian charity, mindful of the poor, thoughtful of the lonely, considerate of the distressed; merciful, O God, may she obtain mercy!

We praise Thine adorable name that early in life she found the "peace that passeth all understanding," and that during the thundering storms, she had in her soul the unruffled waters of a sheltered harbor. A peace which was the assurance of her acceptance with Thee, the child of her Father's presence.

Grant to those who survive her that they may have the strength of spirit which comes from the indwelling Christ, and that they may fill the opening year with noble deeds and lofty desire, perfecting the wish of a faithful mother in loving service to God.

May death speak to all of us, O God, with no uncertain voice. And may we sweep the rooms of our hearts and garnish the walls for the coming of the Bridegroom, since we also are to be ready, "for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when we think not."

Through our Saviour, *Amen.*

LAST THOUGHTS.

I'm going to leave you, brothers dear,
I look across the sea
And call your names, but cannot hope
That you'll respond to me.

I'm going, children of my love,
But Jesus holds my hand,
He'll lead me to His Father's house,
Within its courts I'll stand.

I'll rest beside the crystal tide
That's flowing from the throne,
But I shall fear to draw too near
The High and Holy one.

And when upon the jasper sea
I cast my wondering eyes,
My thoughts will travel down to you,
To tell my glad surprise.

Sweet memories then of summer days
Will surely blissful come
To cheer me in my new abode,
My heavenly Father's home.

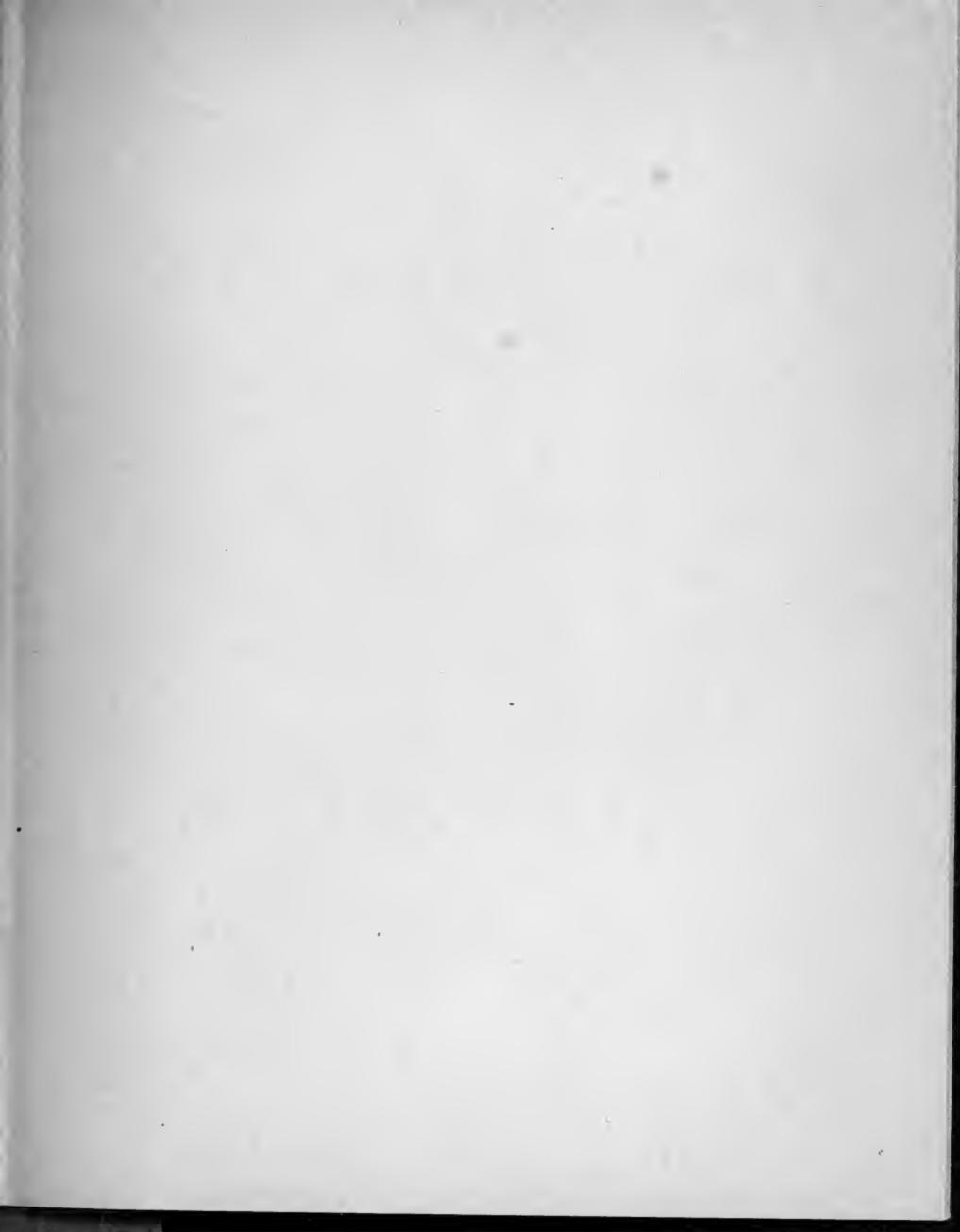
Beneath the mystic "tree of life"
With leaves for healing given,
I'll sit and breathe their wondrous breath
Blown on the air of heaven.

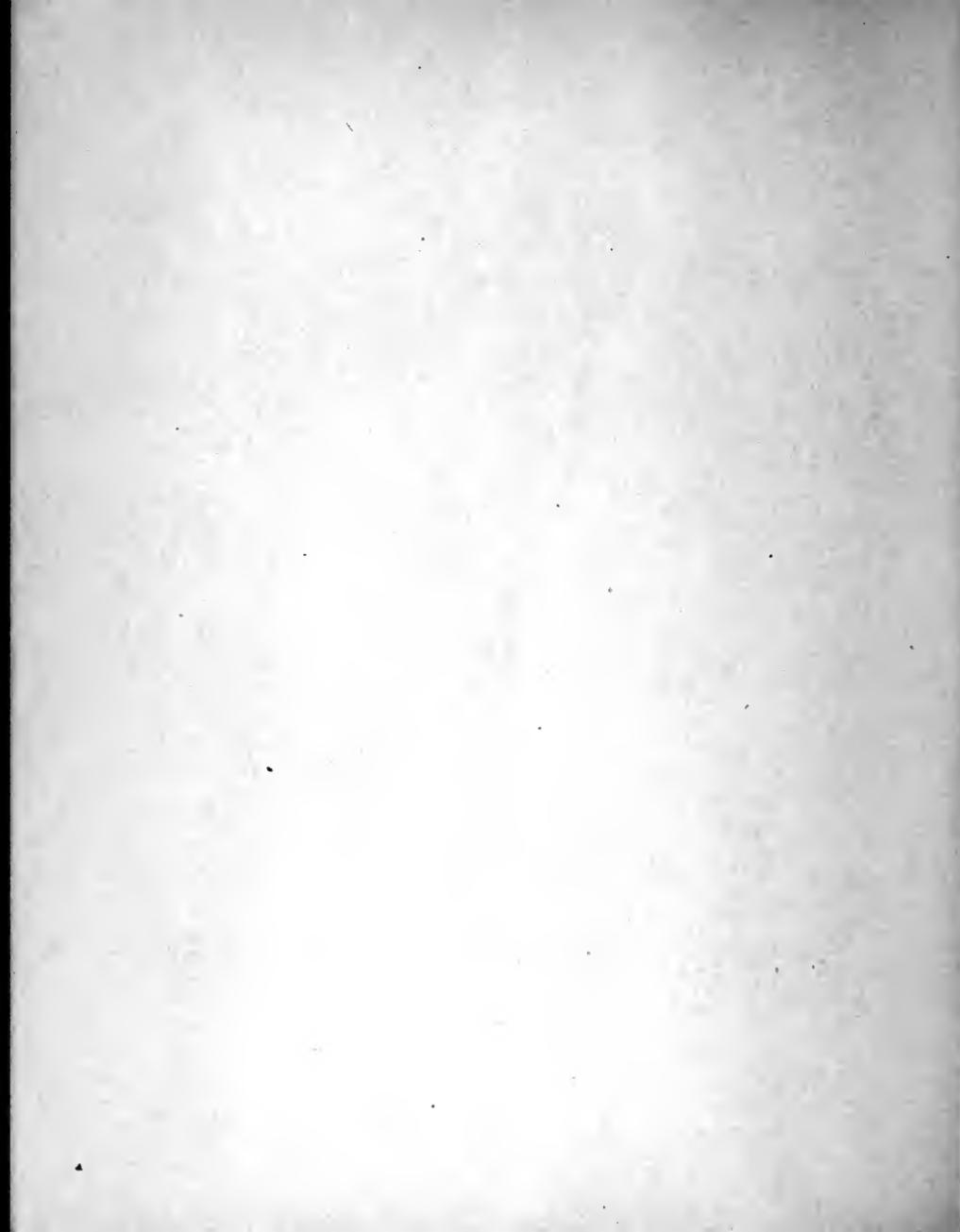
And those "not lost but gone before,"
How rapturous it will be,
Their voices clear, once more to hear,
Their faces loved, to see.

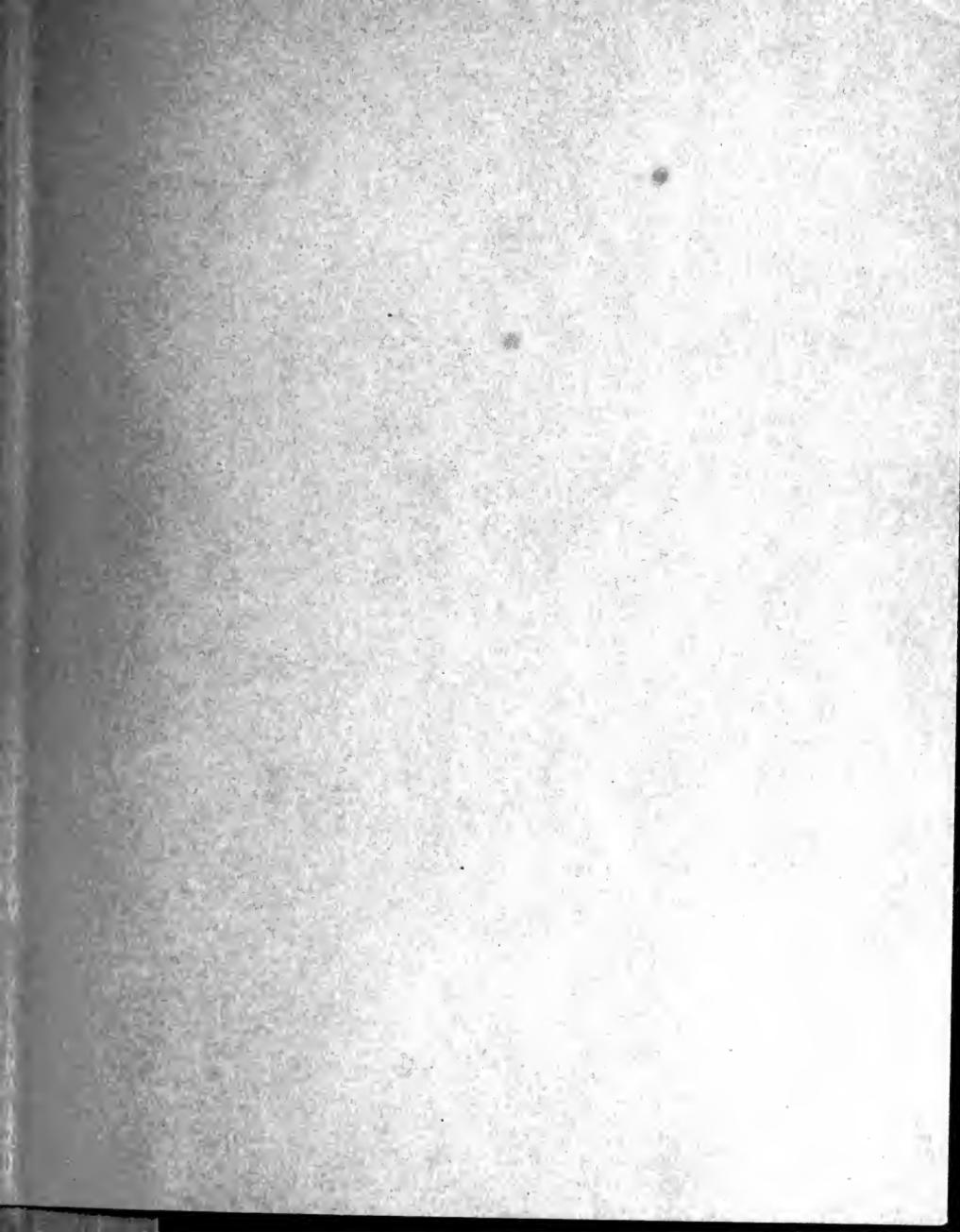
Look up, look up, beloved ones,
Where skies are blue and fair,
They shine too bright for mortal sight,
Your mansions over there.

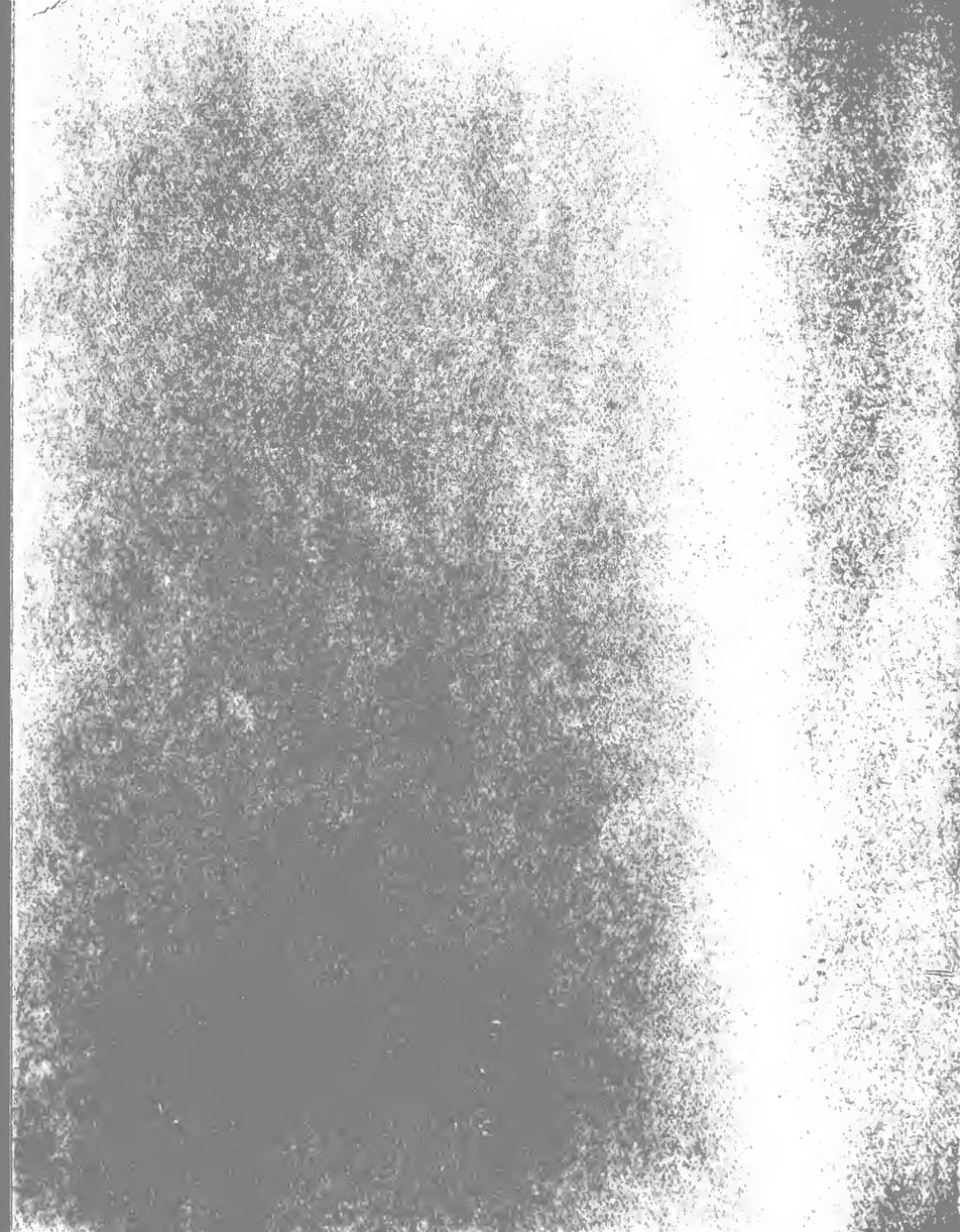
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